

NATIONAL

COMICS

DECEMBER
No. 51

5 M
1/2
© 1941
NATIONAL
COMICS
CORPORATION

10c



THE BARKER
finds THE MISSING LINK
in a chain of strange events!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Given

Your Choice of Valuable
GIFTS OR CASH



POWERFUL TELESCOPE

GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes.

CAMERA

Candid type.
GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

Birthstone RING

for selling as few as 5 boxes. A Cool Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes. See explanation in gift circular.



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



6 TEASPOONS



SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS**, Dept. E-521, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Gift Wanted.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-521, Jefferson, Iowa



New ENLARGEMENT

3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative

to 5x7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the picture was taken, so we want you to know about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.



Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS**, Dept. 1516, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Color of Hair _____

Color of Eyes _____

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1516, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

AH--I SEE IT APPROACHING IN THE NEAR FUTURE -- A TERRIBLE AND TREMENDOUS MONSTER--NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST--SOMETHING THAT WOULD TERRIFY EVEN THE SCIENTISTS WHO WOULD CLASSIFY IT!

ASK IT WHAT IT'LL TAKE TO APPEAR IN OUR SHOW!

THE BARKER

by Klaus Nordin

Thrills! Chills! And TERROR!
Carnie Calahan sees them as DRAWING CARDS for
COLONEL LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS!

NATIONAL COMICS

I HEARD YOUR
MITT ACT THROUGH
THE CANVAS, FUTURA---
YOU MAKE IT SOUND
LIKE THE
MC COY!

A brief breather on the show grounds...

IT IS THE
MC COY,
CARNIE!

MINE IS THE
POWER TO SEE
THINGS TO COME!
I WILL DEMONSTRATE!
FOLLOW ME!

FOR FREE? COME
AND CATCH THIS,
COLONEL!

MADAME
FUTURA
★ ★
FORTUNE
TELLER

YES--THE CLOUD-CLEAR'S--CARNIE
CALAHAN WILL MEET
GRAVE DANGER
FROM A
FELLOW
PERFORMER!

NIX!
EVERY PERFORMER
WITH THE SHOW
IS MY PAL!

BUT THIS WILL
BE A NEW
ADDITION--
SOMEONE
COMING
TODAY!

MEANING
NO OFFENSE
FUTURA ---
IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT ATTRACTION COULD
I PICK UP OUT HERE IN
MID-TOUR? NOT A
CHANCE!

COLONEL
LANE!



NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS



QUICK, WHILE HE'S UNSTRUNG!
INTO THE STRONGEST CAGE
WITH HIM!

SSSSSS
SSS!

RRR
RRR!

WHAT
NOW,
COLONEL?

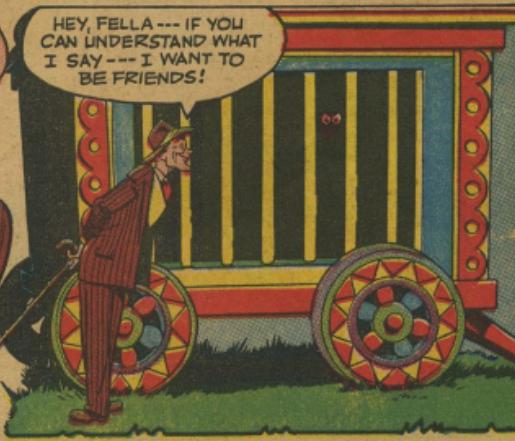
WITH HIM
LOCKED UP,
I'LL HAVE
TIME TO
THINK!



I WARNED YOU,
CARNIE! NOW
THE CRYSTAL
SHOWS ME THAT—

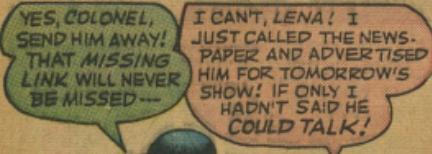
DON'T, FUTURA! YOUR
ACT'S TOO RICH FOR MY
BLOOD! I'M GOING TO GO
STUDY THAT MISSING
LINK!

HEY, FELLA --- IF YOU
CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT
I SAY --- I WANT TO
BE FRIENDS!



THIS ISN'T A BAD LIFE--GIVING SHOWS --
AND WE'VE GOT SOME SWELL CHARAC-
TERS TO PAL YOU WITH! GET IT?
OH--YOU WANT TO SHAKE HANDS?

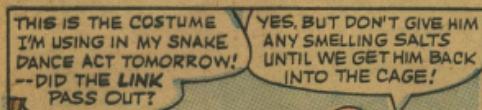
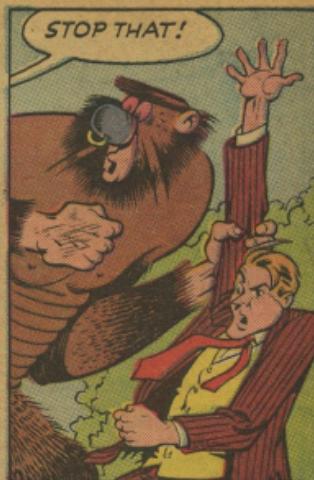












YES, BUT DON'T GIVE HIM ANY SMELLING SALTS UNTIL WE GET HIM BACK INTO THE CAGE!

GUESS WE CAN WRAP HIM UP WITH THESE, EH, CARNIE?

ANYTHING! THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET HIM TIED AND LOCKED UP BEFORE HE COMES TO!



NATIONAL COMICS

Next day... and almost show time!



YES, FOLKS, EXACTLY AS PROMISED -- THE MISSING LINK, NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST! YET HE IS BOTH... THE PHYSIQUE OF AN ANIMAL, THE MIND OF A MAN!

HE WALKS! HE TALKS!

HELLO - FRIENDS! I'M-- GLAD-- THESE-- BARS-- KEEP-- YOU-- OUT!

WHAT GOES HERE? ... I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S BACK OF THIS!



MAYBE -- I -- SHOULD -- PAY -- TO SEE YOU!

LISTEN TO THE MAJOR'S SPIEL! HE SOUNDS MORE LIKE THE MISSING LINK THAN THE REAL ARTICLE!

WELL, COLONEL, HOW WAS IT?

WHEW! -- YOU SAVED MY LIFE, GANG, BUT WE'RE DROPPING THIS PHONY MICROPHONE ACT RIGHT NOW! TOMORROW THE LINK GOES INTO THE MENAGERIE!

WE DON'T NEED THE ADDED ATTRACTION, ANYWAY! WE HAVE TINY, THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD... MIDGE, THE SMALLEST...



SALTY WATERS



QUICKSILVER

You may not
be able to SEE
your peril---
**SMASH IT
ANYWAY!**

Quicksilver, once a trapeze artist, swings over
a sickening abyss
of menacing terror!



A Stranger in town...

THREE AGAINST
ONE! WITH GUNS---
COWARDS!



PERHAPS I WILL
MAKE THINGS
MORE EVEN---



THAT CITIZEN
HASN'T ANY
BUSINESS OF
HIS OWN TO MIND---
SO GIVE HIM
THE BUSINESS!



Not far away, a figure
Senses action....

NEXT STREET--
A SCUFFLE!
MAYBE---





Leaving, Quicksilver and
Eagle say goodbye....

SO LONG, EAGLE,
I'M GOING THIS
WAY!

AND I THIS!
YOU ARE WHAT
MY PEOPLE
CALL A BRAVE
WARRIOR!

WALKED
INTO THE
TRAP!



GOT HIM FROM
BEHIND, EH? WELL,
TRY TO FIGHT
ME FACE
TO FACE!

THE
OTHER
MEDDLER!



I'LL KNOCK
OUT YOUR
BRAINS ---
UFF!

AND I'LL
KNOCK OUT
YOUR
LIVER!



YOU'RE HARD AS
AN IRON MAN...
BUT I'LL PUT
DENTS IN
YOU!

CLANK!
CLANK!

BAM!



EAGLE! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

OHHHH!

SPLASH!



HE CLUBBED
YOU HARD---BUT
WE'RE NOT FAR
FROM HELP!

And so Quicksilver hurries
back to Ridger's home....

HE'S HURT?
BADLY? WHAT
HAPPENED?

A SNEAK
ATTACK! NOW'S
YOUR TURN
TO HELP
HIM!

HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS,
BUT HE'LL RECOVER IF
HE GETS REST! I
WONDER WHO
DID IT!

THAT'S EASY! THE
THUGS WHO ATTACKED
ME RESENTED HIS
INTERFERENCE! THEY
FOLLOWED YOU HERE
WHEN YOU BROUGHT
ME HOME!

INTERESTING
THEORY! BUT
WHO WERE
THOSE
THUGS?

DON'T
KNOW! BUT
IT SEEMS
LOGICAL!
YOU'D BETTER
LOCK THE
DOORS!

YOU HAVE SEVERAL
INTERESTING
THINGS HERE,

YES---
THAT
ARMOR

YOU'RE STUDYING
BELONGED TO MY
ANCESTORS! AND
I HAVE JEWELS,
MONEY, SILVER!
RICH LOOT FOR
ROBBERS!

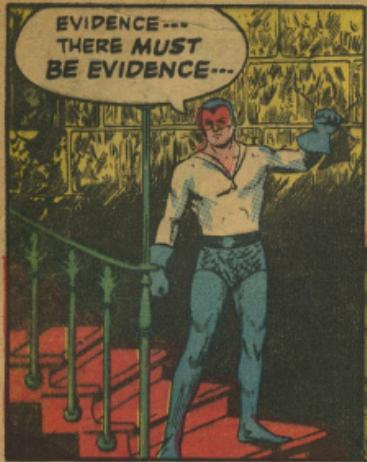
YOU'RE STAYING TO
WATCH YOUR FRIEND...
KEEP AN EYE OUT
FOR ANY RAIDERS!

THAT'S A
PLEASURE!

GREAT
POWERS! WHAT
WAS THAT?

CRASH!





HE SAVED YOU --- AND YOU REPAYED HIM BY DISGUIISING YOURSELF AND ATTACKING! I GUessed IT WHEN I SAW THAT HAMMER HAD BEEN THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM THE INSIDE!

HE HAS MONEY FROM HIS TRIBE-- A FORTUNE! YOU WON'T KEEP ME FROM GETTING IT!

DON'T WORRY, EAGLE! I CAN HANDLE THIS WOULD-BE KILLER!



I'LL GET AWAY...



NO, YOU DON'T! AN INDIAN KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE A KNIFE!

SCALP HIM IF HE MOVES, EAGLE! I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!



LATER...

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE KNOWING AND HELPING YOU, EAGLE! CALL ON ME ANY TIME!

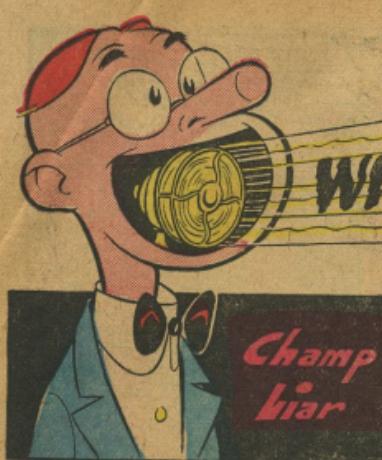
IN MY TRIBE, A WAR FEATHER IS THE DECORATION OF A BRAVE MAN!---

KEEP THIS, QUICKSILVER, IN MEMORY OF THIS ADVENTURE!

THANKS, EAGLE! AS FOR RIDGER -- PROBABLY YOU COULD KNOCK HIM OVER WITH A FEATHER BY THIS TIME!



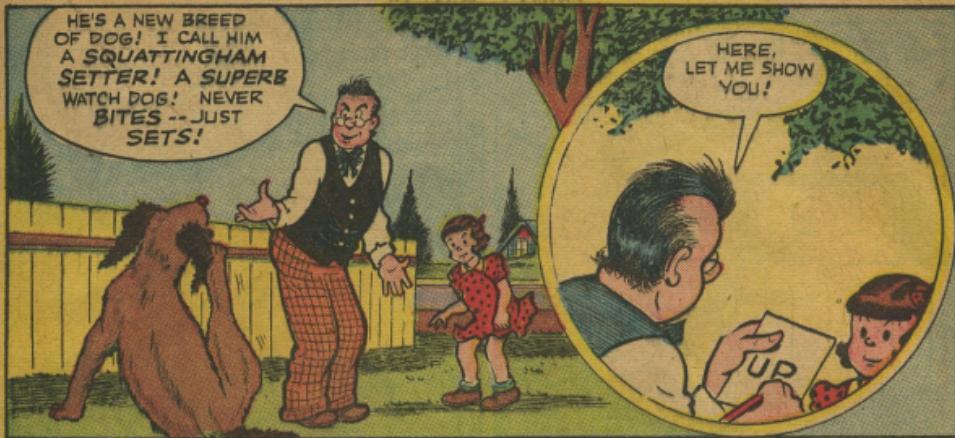
WINDY BREEZE





NATIONAL COMICS

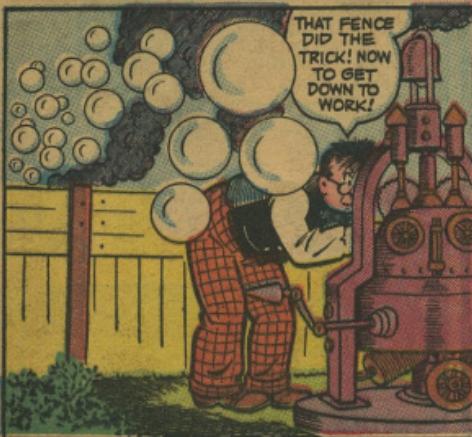
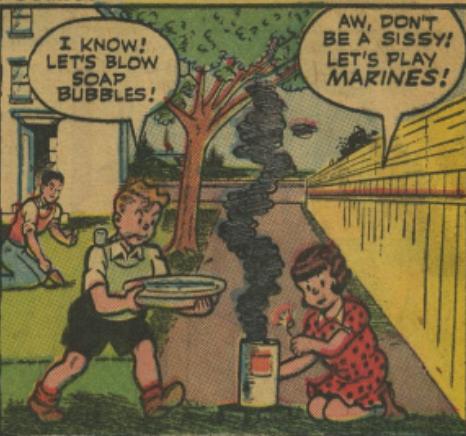


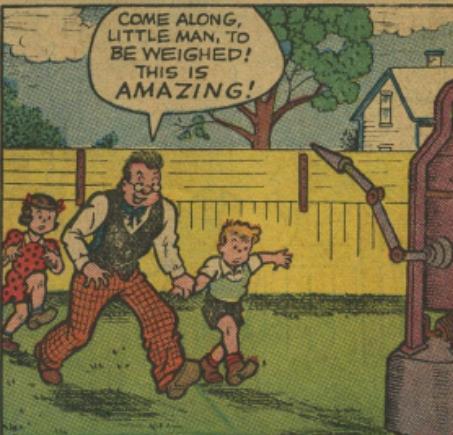
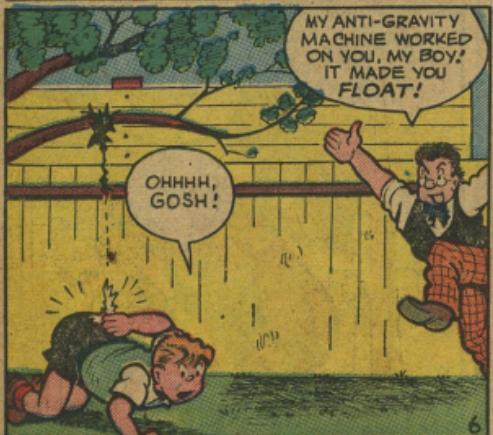
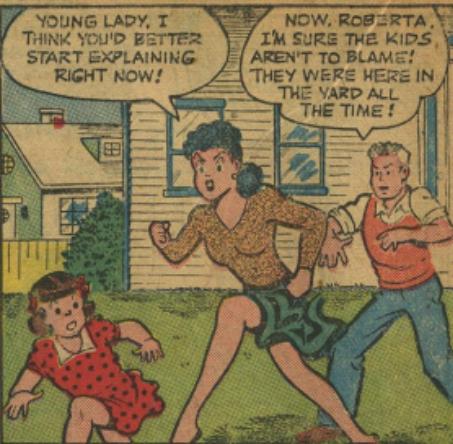


NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS





NATIONAL COMICS



Sally O'Neil

The luckiest day
in policewoman
Sally O'Neil's
life was the day
she tried to tackle
"Soup" Simpson
--and missed!



One night, as Sally walks homeward...







NOT
EXACTLY!
POOR SOUP
HAD A
FRIGHTFUL
ACCIDENT!

HE DID?
SILP! E
I MEAN...

OH-
OH--
OH!!

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN,
SONNY!

MY! I WALKED RIGHT
INTO THAT ONE, DIDN'T I?
YOU'RE CLEVER,
MISS O'NEIL!



HOW CARELESS OF ME!
A SLIP OF THE TONGUE! BUT
DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF,
MY DEAR!

YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN
COVERING YOU WITH THIS
GUN IN MY POCKET
EVER SINCE YOU
WALKED IN!

NOW,
ISN'T THAT
A STRANGE
COINCIDENCE?

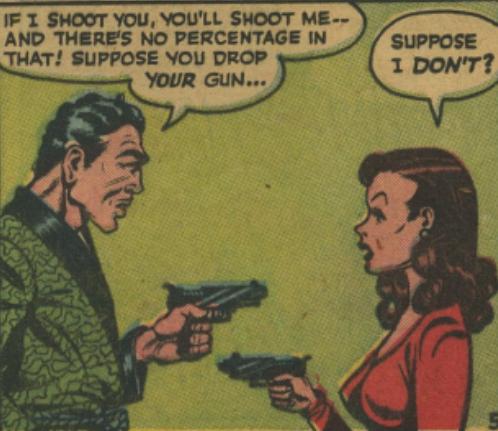


I'VE BEEN COVERING
YOU WITH THIS ONE
THE WHOLE
TIME!

HOW
INTRIGUING!
SORT OF A
CHECK-MATE,
EH?

IF I SHOOT YOU, YOU'LL SHOOT ME--
AND THERE'S NO PERCENTAGE IN
THAT! SUPPOSE YOU DROP
YOUR GUN...

SUPPOSE
I DON'T?



HMMMM! IN THAT CASE I'LL HAVE TO ASK MY--ER--ASSISTANT, LEFTY; TO STEP FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND TAKE YOUR GUN AWAY FROM YOU!

NO, YOU DON'T! I'M NOT TURNING AROUND ON AN OLD GAG LIKE THAT!



GENTLY, LEFTY! MUSTN'T BE ROUGH WITH ONE SO LOVELY!

HAH! YOU DON'T KNOW THIS BABE, BOSS! SHE'S WORSE'N TEN WILDCATS WHEN IT COMES TO A SCRAPP!



I REGRET THIS, MY DEAR! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERFERED WITH MY LITTLE MONEY-RAISING PLAN!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT, IT WASN'T A VERY SMART PLAN, BORIS!



THE GAG'S AS OLD AS THE HILLS--INSURING A NECKLACE, HIRING A CROOK TO STEAL A DUMMY PACKAGE AND COLLECTING FULL INSURANCE...

AH, BUT THE OLD GAGS ARE OFTEN BEST, MY DEAR! IF SOUP HADN'T BUNGLED, I'D HAVE COLLECTED \$200,000 INSURANCE ON THESE!



LOOK, BOSS--IF THIS DAME STAYS ALIVE, SHE'LL HAVE EVERY COPPER IN THE COUNTRY ON OUR TRAILS BEFORE MORNING!

OH, YOU'RE DEFINITELY RIGHT, LEFTY!



THAT'S WHY, MUCH AS I REGRET IT, WE'LL HAVE TO CLOSE HER LOVELY MOUTH QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING, BOSS! I NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT YOU! SHALL I PLUG HER...??



NOTHING SO CRUDE, LEFTY! NOW HERE IS A BOTTLE OF SOUP'S OWN NITRO AND IT GIVES ME A RIPPING IDEA!

WHY, YOU COLD-BLOODED, GRINNING APE!



B-E CAREFUL, BOSS!
IF THAT STUFF FALLS
SIX INCHES, IT'LL
BLOW US TO
BITS!

EXACTLY,
LEFTY! BUT
IT WON'T
FALL YET!



TO BE EXACT—
IT WON'T FALL UNTIL
THE CANDLE BURNS
DOWN TO THE
THREAD—AND
BY THEN WE'LL
BE FAR, FAR
AWAY!

BY THE TIME THE POLICE
SORT THE WRECKAGE
AND FIGURE THINGS
OUT, WE'LL BE LAUNCHED
ON A NEW CAREER!

I GOTTA HAND
IT TO YOU, BOSS!
—YOU FIGURE
EVERYTHING!



NOT QUITE
EVERYTHING,
LEFTY!
GRRRRR!

EEEEEHHH!
MY
THUMB!



HE DIDN'T THINK OF THE
OLD TRICK OF HOLDING
A LOOP OF ROPE
AROUND MY THUMB
TO GIVE ME SLACK
ENOUGH TO ESCAPE
WHEN I WANTED
TO!

BOSS! DO
SOMETHING!!



LIE DOWN AND
SHUT UP, STOOGE!
MY BUSINESS IS
WITH YOUR BOSS!

DON'T COME
NEAR ME: ... I
WARN YOU...!



MAKE ONE MOVE THIS WAY
AND I'LL BURN THE THREAD!
I'M WANTED FOR MURDER
ANYHOW! EITHER WAY,
IT'S MY FINISH!

BOSS! FOR THE
LUVA PETE ---
DON'T! IF THAT
BOTTLE FALLS...



NATIONAL COMICS

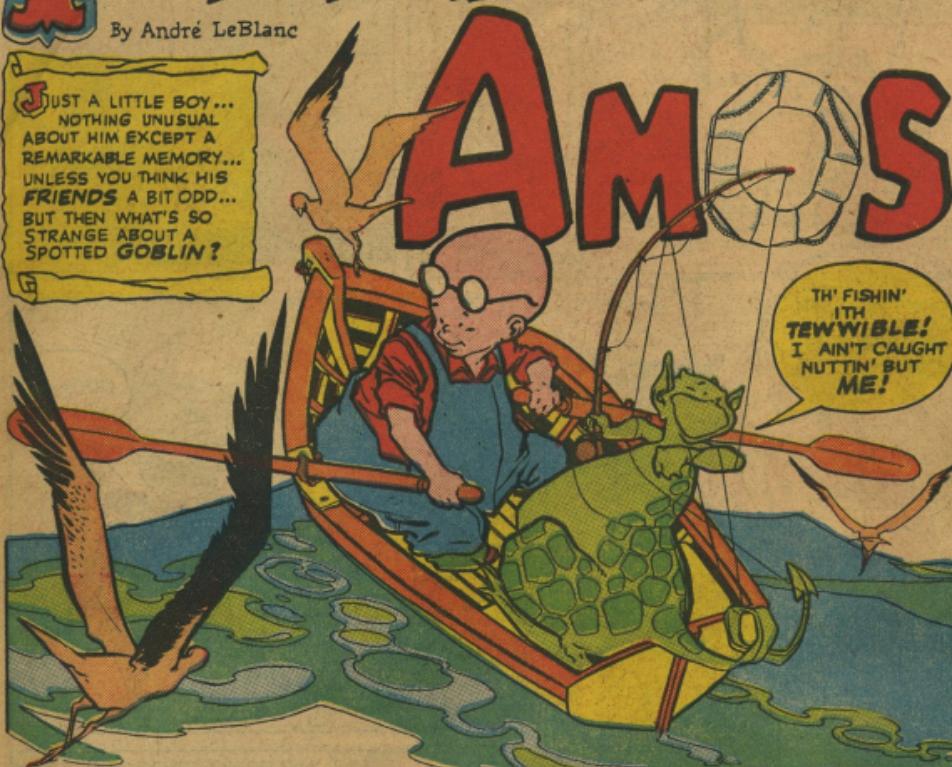


NATIONAL COMICS

INTELLECTUAL

By André LeBlanc

JUST A LITTLE BOY...
NOTHING UNUSUAL
ABOUT HIM EXCEPT A
REMARKABLE MEMORY...
UNLESS YOU THINK HIS
FRIENDS A BIT ODD...
BUT THEN WHAT'S SO
STRANGE ABOUT A
SPOTTED GOBLIN?



WE HAVE STUMBED
ON SOMETHING...! THIS
IS A PLEA FOR
HELP!

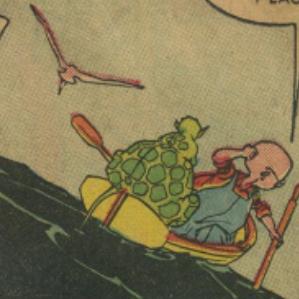


WITH HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY,
INTELLECTUAL AMOS SELCTS,
MENTALLY, A COASTAL CHART SHOWING
THE SURROUNDING TIDES AND CURRENTS...

TAKE A LOOK!

-- AM BEING
KIDNAPPED.
WE ARE AT
SEA AND I'M --

MAYBE
WE CAN HELP,
BUT THE SEA IS
MIGHTY BIG...HOW
CAN WE FIND THE
PLACE?



HERE IT
IS! ... THAT'S
THE CURRENT
THAT CARRIED
THE BOTTLE
OVER HERE!

WERE
GOING TO
FOLLOW THAT
CURRENT BACK TO
THOSE KIDNAPPERS?
ARE YOU GAME,
WILBUR?

UH
HUH-



WILBUR, WHEN PEOPLE ARE
IN TROUBLE AND ASK FOR HELP,
SOMEBODY'S GOT TO
HELP THEM!

THWELL!
LET'TH LET
THUMBUDDY
ELTH!



THERE! SEE
THAT BOAT? ILL
BET THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR!

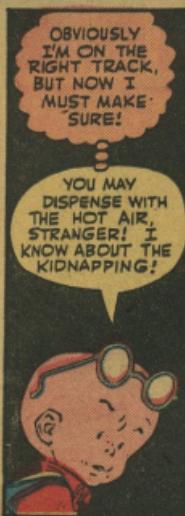
THEY'RE
BECALMED!
THERE'S NO
WIND!

HEY, CHIEF!
SOMEBODY'S
COMIN'... AND
... ULP!

WELL? ... WHERE'S
TH' MANNERS YER PORE
OLE MAMA TAUGHT YOU
ON HOW TO RECEIVE
GUESTS?

GIVE 'EM
THE GUN!





NATIONAL COMICS

HOW DID SHE
GET LOOSE? WHY
I OUGHT TO
GRR-RR!

GEE, BOSS! DAMES
IS SLIPPERY LIKE
EELS!

WHENEVER YOU THINK
YOU GOT 'EM,
YOU AINT!

WITH HIS PHENOMENAL MEMORY,
INTELLECTUAL AMOS RECALLS
THE DETAILS OF THE CASE...

THINKIN'
OF PULLIN' A FAST
ONE, EH? WELL, WE'RE
GETTIN' RID OF YOU
QUICK! - ONLY I GOT
A SPECIAL WAY OF
DOIN' IT ... SEE?

HEIGHT
5'6" ...
EYES-BLUE ...
HMM-M...
CONTINUED
ON PAGE 6

HEIRESS
MISSING

DESCRIPTION...

YES ... THAT'S HER,
ALL RIGHT!

NOW I
REMEMBER
HER FACE! IN
YESTERDAY'S
PAPER! SHE'S
THE MISSING
**VENBILT
HEIRESS!**

BUT NOW
WHAT ABOUT
THE
RESCUE?

NOW
COMES
THE
BLOW!

WE HAVE A SORT OF
PET ... A FULL-GROWN **SHARK!**
AND UNWELCOME VISITORS
HAVE A STRANGE WAY O'
DISAPPEARING OFF THIS
BOAT --- I GUESS TH'
SHARKS GET 'EM!

HAW!

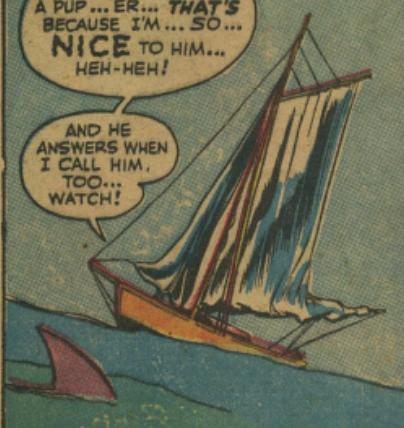
O' COURSE **MY** HANDS ARE
CLEAN ... BUT IF THE POLICE
WANT TO, THEY CAN CATCH
THE SHARK AN' HANG
HIM! ... HE-HE-HE-
HA-HA-HA-
HO-HO!

YOUR...AH...
HUMOR
OVERPOWERS
ME!

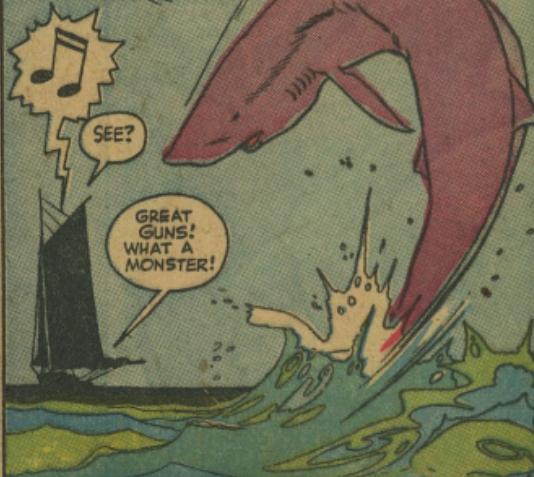


HE FOLLOWS
ME AROUND LIKE
A PUP ... ER... **THAT'S**
BECAUSE I'M ... SO...
NICE TO HIM...
HEH-HEH!

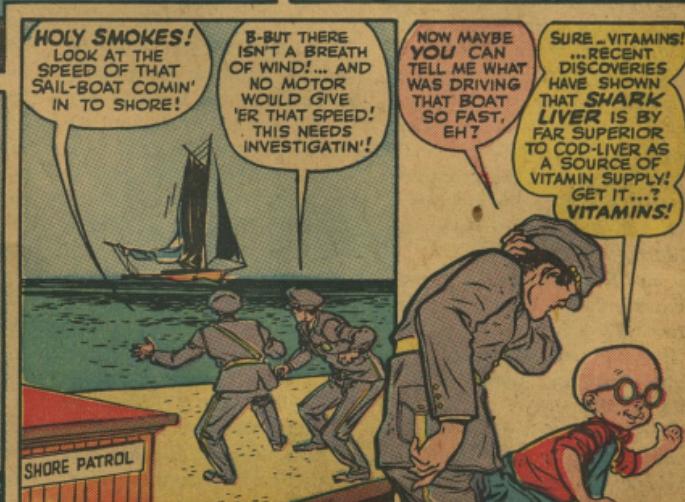
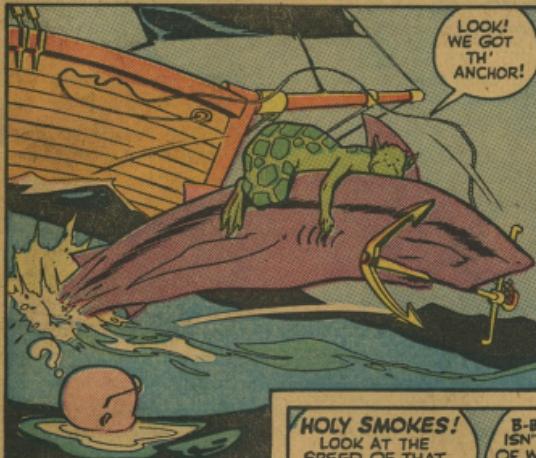
AND HE
ANSWERS WHEN
I CALL HIM.
TOO...
WATCH!



SEE?
**GREAT
GUNS!**
WHAT A
MONSTER!







STRANGE ESCAPE

FOR more days than he could remember, Jules had been pacing his cell. The blackness of the small cubicle was only equalled by the blackness of his bitter thoughts.

"Curse them!" he muttered for the thousandth time. "Curse every last one of them. I'll get even. I'll get even with the dirty rats yet!"

The deep rolling of thunder reverberated through the thick stone walls of the prison. And, as Jules stopped before the tiny barred window, rain swirled inward, wetting his face.

For five long years Jules had been thus confined . . . but a small fraction of the life sentence he was serving for the bestial crime he had committed.

Jules was not sorry for killing Banning. He had hated the man with a deep, burning hatred. Banning was a political bigwig. Through crafty manipulation he had gouged Jules out of a sweet racket in the city. And that was signing his death warrant. Jules had cornered him in his office one night, given him a chance to keep his life by reinstating Jules.

But Banning was hard-headed. He had laughed in Jules face. That was his last laugh. They had found Politician Banning dead, and Jules was sent up for life.

Jules had felt sure that he was making a fine picture of suicide. No fingerprints on the revolver except Banning's own.

The pistol in the dead man's hand. Not fired too far away; there were powder burns on Banning's face. For some time the police thought Banning had killed himself.

Then a smart detective had made a careful examination of Banning's right hand; there were no powder streaks on it. And he knew that all revolvers leave a faint trace of powder on the hand when fired.

Jules muttered as he strode the few feet of his cell. The next time, he'd be smart.

But tonight, black despair and vengeance reigned supreme in his soul; he wished only to escape, in order that he might seek out his destroyers and in turn destroy them. For Jules lived with one thought—to get out and kill every man and woman who had been on the jury that sent him up.

His steps became more feverishly agitated; perspiration gathered on his forehead and he clenched his hands until the stubby nails bit into the flesh.

The thunder crashed, making the huge prison tremble. Jules thought, "What if the joint is struck by lightning? Mebbe I could get out without being smashed by rocks."

He thought of his first trip, were he free. Judge Bekins. Yeah, he'd get the old judge first thing. Then Crandell, the District Attorney. And then Holmes, the chief of police, who gloated on the conviction, making a statement to the press

that he'd trap every last rat in the city until he had them all.

By the devious "grapevine" channels, Jules had learned that most of the "rats" had been trapped under Holmes' regime.

A brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the far wall of his cell—lighting the cell as it had never before been lighted. Jules' eyes became riveted upon a huge stone, on the lower tier. Were his eyes playing tricks upon him? Or had he in truth seen a tiny crack surrounding the stone, as if the cement were scraped away or altogether removed? Hardly daring to breathe, he tip-toed across the cell and fell on his knees before the stone, feeling its edges.

He gave a low cry. Yes, there was a deep crevice. And, what was more, the stone was loose! Jules tugged at it, tearing the flesh from his finger ends, sweat pouring from his face. Savagely he hurled the lock of matted hair out of his face and doubled his efforts.

Ah! The stone moved. At last he pulled it from its place and peered into the blackness beyond. Another lightning flash showed him what he had hardly hoped to find—a passage in the rock, leading downward from his cell.

Leading—where? Was this freedom at last?

Immediately in front of him (he saw it in a flash of lightning) there lay a yellowed piece of paper. With trembling

fingers he carried it to the window, through which shone faint rays of a lamp in the courtyard below. Carefully he unfolded the fragile paper. On it was a brief message, apparently written with some dark fluid. Blood! For the first time in his life, Jules was glad that he was able to read, if only a little. Haltingly he made out the few words:

I ESCAPED FROM THIS PASSAGE, MAY HE WHO FINDS THIS SHARE MY GOOD FORTUNE.

It was unsigned.

The tramp of the sentry's feet resounded outside the cell door. Jules threw himself over the stone until the steps died away; then he thrust his head and shoulders into the opening and began slowly worming his way along the narrow passage before him.

The walls of the tunnel were wet and slimy and a fetid odor assailed Jules' nostrils. But this was balm to his fevered senses. His hands and knees banged into jagged rocks, ripping the flesh, tearing his rotting clothes from him. But of all this Jules knew nothing. His eyes were gleaming, but one thought present in his mind—escape. He dug his bloody fingers into the mud and pushed himself onward steadily, flat on his stomach, like an ungainly serpent.

Where would the passage end? How long was it? Did it lead all the way under the prison? It made no difference to Jules. He would crawl and crawl, even if he had to go miles through the slimy, stygian sewer.

As he advanced the floor became steeper and steeper, slop-

ing at an ever-greater angle. The walls became yet wetter and more slimy and the jagged rocks bit deeper into his writhing limbs. Foot after foot, Jules propelled himself along the narrow path. His breath came in rustling gasps. There was a steady ringing in his head. The air was foul and there was little oxygen.

When—when would the passage end? Jules felt he must have crawled many miles. No telling when it would be day, and then the sentries would find his cell vacant—find the opening. . . . He increased his speed.

Then suddenly Jules stopped, and for one moment an agonizing fear shot through him. He could not turn around. He realized that it would be impossible for him ever to ascend, backwards, that sloping passage to regain his cell if something made that act imperative.

A cold shiver tingled his spine. But what could force him back to that cell? What?

He clenched his teeth and forged ahead with the super-

human strength of despair. Surely the end of the passage would come soon. His breathing was labored now, and black specks danced before his eyes. He would not last much longer without pure air. . . .

A sharp bend in the tunnel revealed a sight which made Jules gasp. A faint, circular opening in the distance permitted the rays of the moon to penetrate the terrible blackness. The end of the passage lay before him. Victory! Escapè!

The cold air fanned his face and he breathed it in great gulps, hurrying now more than ever.

The passage became ever more sloping as he advanced. His body was inclined at a sickening angle. Strange streaks of blackness seemed to cross his line of vision, as he half fell, half slid the few feet remaining yet to be traversed. . . . Jules' head crashed into something hard; and he was partially stunned. A moment later he opened his eyes and saw before him a heavily barred iron grating, and—a skeleton.

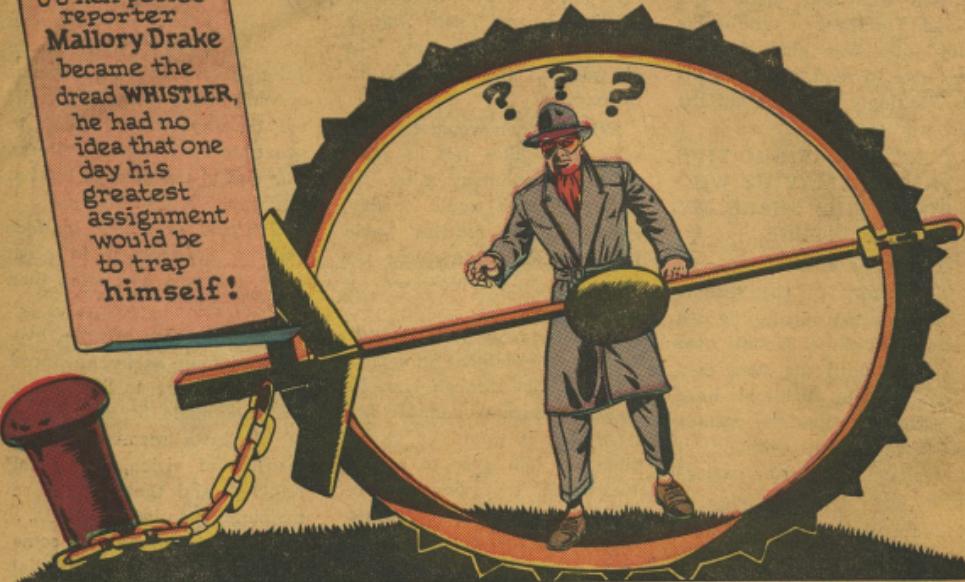
A REAL BARGAIN!
NATIONAL COMICS
gives you
Twice as much for your dime
56 inside pages!
COUNT 'EM!

NATIONAL COMICS

The WHISTLER

by VERNON HENKEL

When police reporter Mallory Drake became the dread WHISTLER, he had no idea that one day his greatest assignment would be to trap himself!



By day, Mallory Drake is a police reporter... and a good one!

I WISH I KNEW WHAT'S COOKING! CAPTAIN NILES OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN IN WITH THE BOSS FOR ALMOST AN HOUR...



MAC SHANE
EDITOR



DRAKE, I'M PUTTING YOU ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!



WE'RE GOING TO TRAP THE WHISTLER!

BAM!



WH...?? WHY TRAP
THE WHISTLER?
HE'S NO CROOK!
HE SOLVES CRIMES
FOR YOU!

YEAH! AND
THAT'S JUST
IT! ...



HERE'S THE PLAN!...
AMBERS, THE BANKER,
HAS AGREED TO PRETEND
HE'S RECEIVED
EXTORTION NOTES!
WE'LL SPREAD THE
STORY AROUND...

THE
WHISTLER'LL
HEAR ABOUT
IT, TRY TO
STICK HIS NOSE
IN AND GET
NABBED! WE'LL
HAVE COPS
PLANTED ALL
OVER THE
PLACE.



AND IF THE WHISTLER DOES SHOW
UP, HE'LL BE NABBED BY A DOZEN COPS!
YET HE'S SWEARN NEVER TO FIGHT
AGAINST THE LAW...



A FINE THING WHEN
AMATEURS SOLVE OUR
CRIMES FOR US! WHAT'LL
THE PUBLIC SAY?

AND THINK OF THE
STORY! IT'LL BE
SENSATIONAL--
WHISTLER UNMASKED
BY EVENING GLOBE!
WOW!



ER--VERY
CLEVER!...
WHEN DOES
THIS HAPPEN
--AND WHAT
DO I DO?

AMBERS'LL
PHONE US WHEN
THE WHISTLER
SHOWS UP! YOU'LL
BE HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE
NEAR TO GET
THE STORY!



Later...
A FINE MESS!
IF THE WHISTLER
DOESN'T SHOW UP, THEY'LL
EITHER GUESS I'M THE
WHISTLER OR THINK
I TIPPED HIM TO
THE TRAP!



SO-O-O-O, I GUESS THE WHISTLER
WILL HAVE TO WALK INTO THE TRAP--AND
TRUST TO LUCK AND BRAINS TO
WIGGLE HIMSELF OUT AGAIN!



NATIONAL COMICS

WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING!
I'LL PHONE AMBERS AND LET
HIM KNOW THE WHISTLER
IS COMING TO CALL...



Softly the telephone carries the eerie notes of the WHISTLER'S trademark!

MR. AMBERS,
THIS IS THE
WHISTLER! I'D LIKE
TO HELP YOU---



WHISTLER-- I'M GLAD YOU CALLED! I'M SUPPOSED TO PAY OFF TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT - HERE AT MY APARTMENT! PLEASE COME---

I'LL BE
THERE, AMBERS!
YOU CAN DEPEND
ON THE
WHISTLER!
^A



THE STAGE IS SET! NOW, AS
SOON AS MY BOSS CALLS MALLORY
DRAKE WITH THE TIP-OFF ... AH,
THAT MUST BE SHANE, NOW!



DRAKE - IT WORKED! THE WHISTLER'S DUE AT AMBERS' AT MIDNIGHT! YOU BE THERE EARLY! WELL PLANT THE COPS AHEAD OF TIME!

I'LL BE
AROUND, BOSS--
HIDING SOMEWHERE!



SINCE THEY EXPECT THE WHISTLER AT MIDNIGHT--
I'LL GET THERE AN HOUR EARLY--SO I WON'T DISAPPOINT ANYBODY!



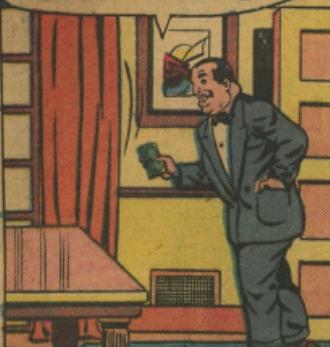
THERE'S AMBERS' STUDY AND NOBODY IN SIGHT; I'M SURE THEY WON'T OBJECT IF I WAIT INSIDE WHERE IT'S WARM!



OH-OH! THAT MUST BE AMBERS COMING! THIS'LL BE A GOOD HIDING PLACE UNTIL TIME FOR THE WHISTLER'S PUBLIC APPEARANCE



PERFECT! THE WHISTLER'S COMING AND THE POLICE WILL GRAB HIM... BUT NOBODY KNOWS JUST HOW PERFECT IT IS FOR ME!



THIS WAS THE SCHEME I NEEDED TO COVER A SHORTAGE AT THE BANK! I'LL COVER MY OWN LOSSES AND LET THE WHISTLER TAKE THE BLAME...



THEY TOLD ME TO MAKE UP \$10,000 IN BILLS AS BAIT! I'LL HIDE THE BILLS, CLAIM THE WHISTLER STOLE THEM, AND MAKE GOOD MY OWN BANK SHORTAGE!



SO IT'S A DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS! AND I'M CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE! HMM...



ELEVEN O'CLOCK! THE POLICE WILL BE SURROUNDING THE PLACE NOW! THEY'LL LET THE WHISTLER IN!— BUT WHEN HE TRIES TO LEAVE...



Outside...

GOT THE HOUSE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED, CAPTAIN?



BETTER THAN THAT...

I'VE GOT A RING OF POLICE CLOSE TO THE HOUSE! BEHIND THEM I'VE GOT SEARCHLIGHTS SET UP TO GO ON THE MOMENT WE HEAR ANYTHING...



IT'LL BE LIGHT AS DAY! NOT EVEN A MOUSE COULD LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT BEING SEEN AND GRABBED!

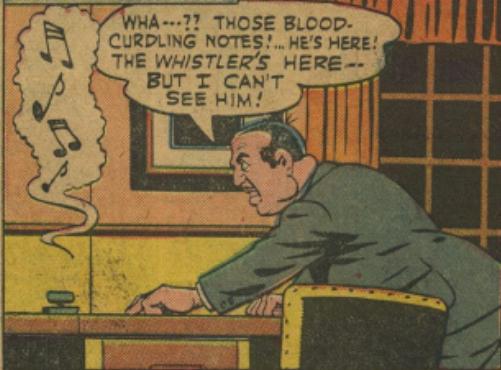


ELEVEN-THIRTY! GUESS IT'S TIME TO GO INTO ACTION!



Like a ventriloquist, the WHISTLER can throw the weird notes of his whistle to a distant corner ...

WHA---?? THOSE BLOOD-CURDLING NOTES!... HE'S HERE! THE WHISTLER'S HERE-- BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM!



MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING THE RIGHT WAY, AMBERS!

TH--THE WHISTLER!



DON'T BE NERVOUS, AMBERS! I'VE COME TO HELP! TELL ME ABOUT THE--ER--EXTORTION THREATS!

OH--UH--
--THE
THREATS:
Y-Y-YES,
I'LL
T-TELL
YOU--

JUST--ER--SIT DOWN,
WHISTLER--AND I'LL--UH--
TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

THANKS,
SO MUCH!



THERE'S THE SIGNAL! THE WHISTLER'S IN THERE WITH AMBERS! I DUNNO HOW HE GOT THERE, BUT...

NEVER MIND THAT! CLOSE IN ON THE HOUSE!... I HOPE MALLORY DRAKE'S AROUND SOMEWHERE!



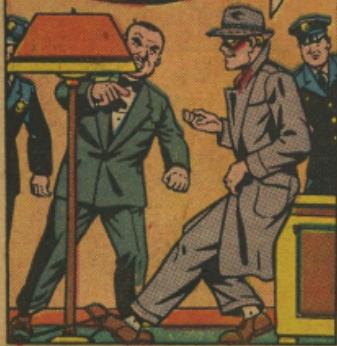
ALL RIGHT, WHISTLER! YOUR OUTLAW DAYS ARE OVER!... SURRENDER OR WE'LL SHOOT!

WELL, WELL!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME SURROUNDED,
CAPTAIN...



GRAB HIM, OFFICER! HE MADE ME GIVE HIM THE \$10,000! HE'S A COMMON THIEF!

TCH-TCH, AMBERS! SUCH LIES SHOULD BE WHISPERED ONLY IN THE DARK--



LIKE THIS!

AWRRRK!
GRAB HIM!
CLOSE IN!
DON'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!

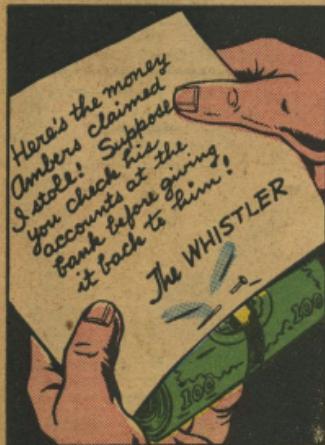


THERE HE GOES!
GRAB HIM!



WHA...?? TRICKED! THE WHISTLER STUCK HIS MASK ON AMBERS AND PUSHED HIM OUT THE WINDOW!

WHAT'S THAT NOTE STICKING FROM HIS POCKET?



DRAKE! WHERE
WERE YOU?
WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GOING?

ME?...I'M
HEADING
FOR THE
OFFICE TO
WRITE UP THIS
STORY...

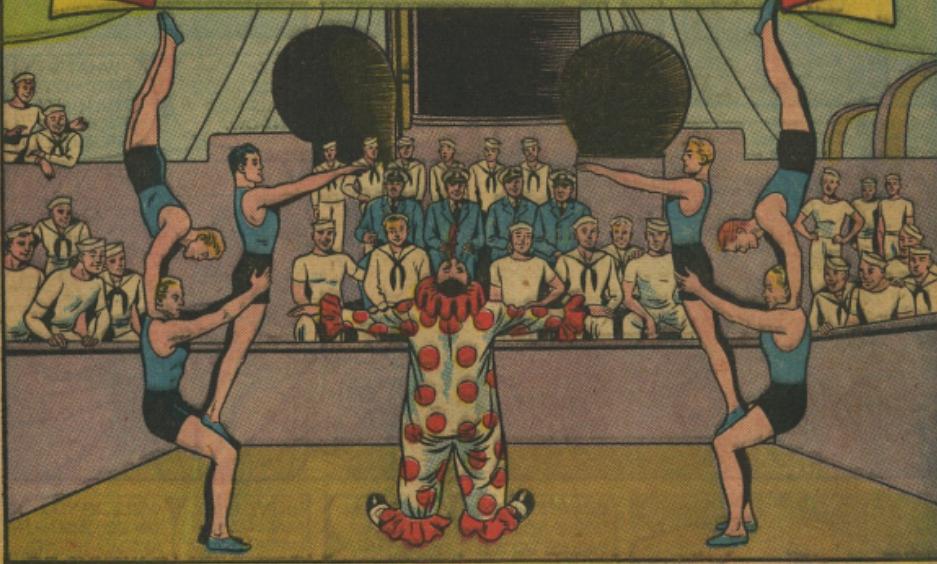
JULP! WAIT,
MALLORY!--
MAYBE YOU'D
BETTER NOT
WRITE UP
THIS STORY,
AFTER ALL!

WELL, IF YOU
SAY SO, BOSS!..
AHEM!.. MAYBE
IT WOULD BE
BETTER TO LET
THE WHISTLER
GO ON CATCHING
CROOKS!



Destroyer 171

It started out to be less than a routine assignment for the U.S.S. PAWNEE, fighting DESTROYER 171! For orders were simply to transport an entertainment troupe to the island of Paasuvu! But before the voyage was over the officers and crew learned a new lesson in Jap battle tactics...and they learned something about entertainers, too!



NATIONAL COMICS







NO WONDER THAT JAP SUB TRIED TO STOP US! THEY KNEW WE'D SIGHT THIS FLOTILLA!

I'LL RADIO THE FLEET BASE!

THEY'VE OPENED FIRE! ... READY ALL GUNS!



FIRE!



A DIRECT HIT! ON THE RADIO ROOM!



YOU'RE BADLY HURT!

THE MESSAGE... DIDN'T GET THROUGH! OUR SHIPS WON'T KNOW THE JAPS ARE COMING!

I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT RADIO! I THINK I CAN FIX THIS!

YOU CAN?



CAN YOU GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES?

YOU'LL GET EVERY MINUTE OF TIME THIS SHIP STAYS AFLOAT! EVEN IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT OFF THE WHOLE JAP FLEET!



Mortally wounded, Destroyer 171 lashes back with all guns at the terrible barrage of enemy fire!



'WE NEED
ANOTHER MAN
ON THE FIVE-
INCHER!'

ALL THE MEN WHO CAN
WALK ARE FIGHTING
FIRES! DO THE
BEST YOU CAN!



I'LL
TAKE
OVER!

BUT MR. HALLAM,
YOU'RE NOT A
COMBATANT!
TAKE COVER!

CALL ME
JACK! ...
ISN'T THAT
A SWEET
GUN?

SMOOTH AS
APPLE CIDER!
BUT THE G***!
JAPS WON'T
LIKE IT!



ZOWIE!
A FOURTEEN-
INCHER! THE JAPS
ARE SWINGING A HEAVYWEIGHT
AT US!



THAT NEXT
BROADSIDE
WILL FLATTEN
US!

WE'RE
FINISHED,
SIR!

WHAT'S
THAT
?

BARRROOM!



IT'S OUR FLEET!...
THEY'RE HERE!



NATIONAL COMICS





Building This AM SIGNAL GENERATOR gives you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experiment purposes.

RADIO SERVICING pays good money for full-time work. Many others make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.



Learn RADIO by PRACTICING in Spare Time

with 6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts I Send You

Let me send you facts about rich opportunities in Radio. See how knowing Radio can give you security, a prosperous future. Send the coupon for FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Read how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men Is Bright in Radio,
Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair Business is booming NOW. There is good money fixing Radios in your spare time or own full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address Work, etc. Think of the boom coming when new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television, FM, Electronics, can be offered to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10
A Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. You LEARN Radio principles from my easy-to-grasp Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building real Radio Circuits with Radio parts I send—USE your knowledge to make EXTRA money in spare time.

Mail Coupon for Free Copy of Lesson
and 64-Page Illustrated Book

I will send you FREE a sample lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," to show you how practical it is to train for Radio in spare time. With it I'll send my 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Just mail coupon in an envelope or paste on a penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SNA3 National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D.C.

My Course Includes Training In
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION



You build this
MEASURING INSTRUMENT
yourself early in the course—use it for practical Radio work on neighborhood Radios to pick up EXTRA spare time money!

You build this
SUPERHETERODYNE
CIRCUIT that brings in local and distant stations. You get practical experience putting this set through fascinating tests!

BE A SUCCESS in RADIO
I Will Train You at Home

Sample Lesson FREE



J. E. SMITH,
President
National
Radio
Institute

Our 31st Year of
Training Men for
Success in Radio.



**GET BOTH 64 PAGE BOOK
SAMPLE LESSON FREE**

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SNA3
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 9, D.C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, Sample Lesson and 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State..... 4FR.

(Please include Post Office zone number)



Jim Prentice

WHIZ FOOTBALL \$1.25 EACH

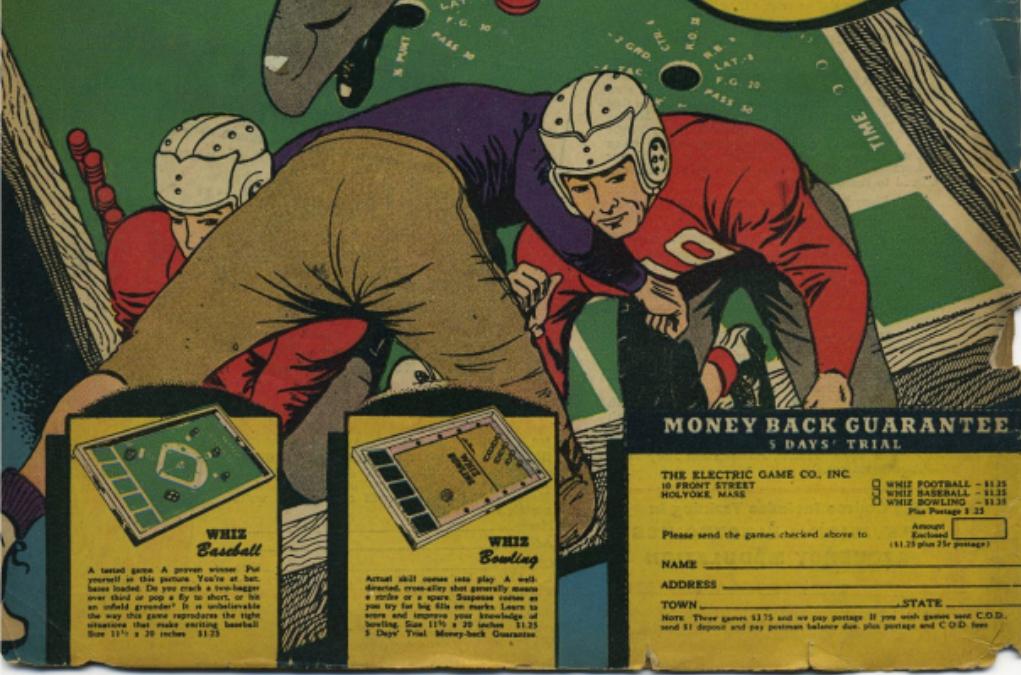
Baseball

Bowling



BOYS! Now this amazing new game captures the imagination! A trick top whizzers from side to side with breath-taking action, spilling men out of position, upsetting plans and plays. You get the spirit, the thrills—and its FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! Just like running a great team in a Bowl Classic. Suspense is terrific. You are UP, DOWN, UP, as everyone yells "GO, GO, GO!" Smart football generally wins. The team that is trailing, but fighting, always has a chance for a last-minute victory.

Game comes complete with lacquered playing field, sturdy wood frame, attractive box top. Size 11½ x 20 inches. Order early for Christmas. \$1.25



A tested game. A proven winner. Put yourself in this game. You're at home bases loaded. Do you crack a two-hopper over third or pop a fly to short; or will you bunt and score? You'll learn all the way this game reproduces the right situations that make exciting baseball. Box 11½ x 20 inches \$1.25

Actual skill causes men play. A well directed, cross-alley shot generally means a strike or a home run. Suspense comes as you try to roll the balls back and forth to score and improve your knowledge of bowling. Box 11½ x 20 inches \$1.25
5 Day Trial. Money-back Guarantee.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL

THE ELECTRIC GAME CO. INC.
10 FRONT STREET
NOLYVOK, MASS.

WHIZ FOOTBALL - \$1.25
 WHIZ BASEBALL - \$1.25
 WHIZ BOWLING - \$1.25

Plus Postage \$.25

Please send the games checked above to:

Small
Enclosed
(\$1.25 plus 25¢ postage)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

NOTE: These games \$1.75 and we pay postage. If you win games weet C.O.D. and \$1 deposit and pay postman balance due, plus postage and C.O.D. fees.